

15
ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN. K

As Performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

In C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Set to Music by Mr. H A N D E L.

(Price One Shilling.)

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THEATRICAL

in COVENT-GARDEN.

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(Three One Shilling)

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC.

ACT THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the royal Feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero fate
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

A 2

A I R.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; or,

A I R.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky;
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

R E C I T. A C C O M P A N I E D.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above;
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty Love.
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
 Sublime, on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.

C H O.

C H O R U S.

The list'ning croud admire the lofty sound,
A present Deity ! they shout around.
A present Deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

A I R.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod :
And seems to shake the spheres.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung ;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young ;
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face ;
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !

A I R.

Bacchus, ever fair, and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

C H O-

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the fount, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 The master saw the madness rise, [slain:
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse.

A I R.

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood.

Deserted

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies.
Without a friend to close his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius great and good,
Fallen, weltring in his blood;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he footh'd his soul to pleasures.

I

AIR.

A I R.

War, he fung, is toil and trouble.
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 War, he fung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour, but an empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying.

C H O R U S.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the cause.

A I R.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care ;
 And figh'd and look'd, figh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

The

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again.

CHORUS repeated.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

End of the First Act.

A C T the S E C O N D.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

NOW strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet---and yet a louder strain;
 Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark !---the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead:
 And amaz'd he stares around.

B

AIR.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; or,

A I R.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

A I R.

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew :
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !

A I R.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.

A I R.

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey ;
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

C H O-

THE POWER of MUSIC. 11

CHORUS.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to the breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store.
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

CH O-

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

CHORUS.

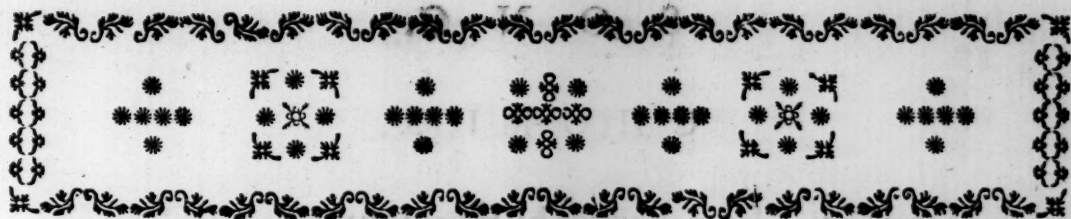
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

F I N I S.

GRAND CHORUS.

RECITATIVE.



A S O N G

F O R

St. CECILIA's Day.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSIC's Power obey.

*

CHORUS.

S O N G.

C H O R U S.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
 This universal Frame began :
 From Harmony to Harmony
 Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
 The Diapason closing full in Man,

A I R I.

What Passion cannot *MUSIC* raise and quell !
 When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
 His list'ning Brethren stood around,
 And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
 To worship that celestial Sound ;
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the Hollow of that Shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What Passion cannot *MUSIC* raise and quell !

A I R II.

The *TRUMPET*'s loud Clangor
 Excites us to Arms,
 With shrill Notes of Anger,
 And mortal Alarms ;
 The double, double, double Beat
 Of the thund'ring *Drum*.
 Cries, Hark ! the Foes come ;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

A I R

S O N G.

A I R III.

The soft complaining *FLUTE*,
In dying Notes, discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling *LUTE*.

A I R IV.

Sharp *VIOLINS* proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantic Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Passion
For the fair disdainful Dame,

A I R V.

But, oh, what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The sacred *ORGAN*'s Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To join the Choirs above.

A I R VI.

Orpheus could lead the Savage Race;
And Trees unrooted left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre.

RECI-

S O O N G.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder higher ;
When to her *ORGAN* vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

As from the Power of sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the Bless'd above ;
So when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The *TRUMPET* shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And *MUSIC* shall untune the Sky.

F I N I S.